

POLITICAL PAGE OF THE PAST

Story of a Famous Dioker and How Charley Foster Got Left.

CONKING DICTATES GARFIELD'S CABINET

He Makes an Effective Protest Against Morton's Appointment to the Navy

Portfolios Gossip About Standard Oil Magnates.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Ohio is a great graveyard filled with the political ambitions of its prominent men. No state in the union has more hero worshipers, and no state has more ambitious politicians. There is scarcely a man of prominence in the state who has not been stabbed by his friends, and ex-Governor George Hoadley, who went to New York to make a fortune at the law after such treatment, once told me that a statesman never grew to be over two feet high in the Buckeye state before there was a great army of smaller men striving to cut off his head. The only man who has held his own for any length of time in the state is John Sherman, and the other men of prominence, both democrats and republicans, have had to step to the rear with vinegar in their eyes and iron in their souls. The leaders fight among themselves. There is no harmony in either the democratic or republican party, and Ohio might have had two or three more presidents if her politicians had worked together. John Sherman would have had a seat in the white house had it not been for his enemies in his own state. I remember receiving a letter from the Clinton Times just before the nominating convention of 1880, suggesting that I throw away my Sherman veil and buy a pair of Grant spectacles, as the Times thought that General Grant ought to be the nominee of that convention.

The Cleveland Leader at this time was wounding Blaine, and Sherman went to Chicago with the disapproval in his state and treachery in his camp. It was the same with Allen G. Thurman at three or four different conventions. He had several chances for the presidency, but Ohio knocked him out. Old Ben Wade had a slight chance at the convention which nominated Lincoln, but Ohio men spread scurrilous stories about Chicago concerning him, and he never knew what so easily made him a loser.

Gossip About Foraker.

I was reminded of this fact the other day as I sat at breakfast with Governor Foraker at the Fifth Avenue hotel. His hair has turned from black to gray within the last few years, and he tells me that he has left politics for good. He was very bitter in talking of Sherman and said that he wanted no assistance from any man in any way. He evidently regrets that he ever entered politics, and he now intends devoting himself to money making and the law. He was, I am sure, just at the height of his career when he accepted the nomination for governor of Ohio, and the year before he was nominated he cleared about \$100,000. He can probably make two or three times as much today, and his career as a statesman has been so far as finances are concerned, one of the best. Foraker is a man who has made a man in Ohio today. He may not have the financial ability and the pure intellectual strength of John Sherman, but he is packed full of personal magnetism, and his friends are tied to him almost as strongly as were those of Blaine to the great Maine statesman. There are today Foraker clubs scattered throughout Ohio, and he will gain be pushed to the front.

How Foster Lost the Senatorship.

Speaking of disappointed Ohio men, ex-Secretary Foster is entitled to more sympathy than perhaps any other man in the state on account of his financial losses and on account of his disappointed ambitions. Foster has given more to the party in money than any other man in Ohio. He has made his brains and money have done much in making many a campaign successful, and when Foraker was made president every one supposed that Governor Foster would be in Ohio with his counselors and would be the leading Ohio man at the capital during his administration. He had just purchased a new surety bond of being Garfield's successor in the United States senate, and it was currently reported that he would either take this place or one of the other places in Garfield's cabinet. I heard the other day the story of how he lost both of these positions. It is somewhat similar to that of his recent financial failure, and he has been very trusted in his friends and they deceived him. I got the facts from Mr. Thomas Carron, who was at the time the leading politician in Ohio. He is now practicing law at Los Angeles, but his big interest in mines and lands keeps him in the state most of the time. Carron was at this time living at Cleveland. He was close in the confidence of Garfield and Foster, and he was a part of many of the important meetings that were made among the statesmen at that time. We were sitting at a dinner at a Mexican restaurant, and Carron was in conversation with Garfield, and I asked him why it was that Charley Foster got nothing out of the Garfield administration. He replied:

"It was largely the result of Garfield's vacillating character. He was not a man of great moral courage, and his efforts to please his cabinet members, and especially John Sherman, and Roscoe Conkling, he refused to pay his legal political debts to Charley Foster. Foster and Garfield were close friends, and they had been together at the Chicago convention. They slept together at Chicago during the convention, and Foster and Garfield rode together back to their hotel after the convention was over. Foster put a great deal of money into the Garfield campaign, and he was one of Garfield's closest friends and advisers. The understanding was at that time in Ohio that Foster was to be the next United States senator. He was very strong with the people and they were sure that he would be elected."

Sherman and Garfield.

"Such was the situation during the summer of 1880, when Sherman, then at the head of the Treasury department, and Hayes, looked lover and became exceedingly anxious. He had sounded Garfield as a prospective rival, and he had been made secretary of the treasury, and Garfield had given him to understand that he intended to make his cabinet with Sherman. He could not get back to the senate with Foster in opposition, and it looked as though he would be left out in the cold. Garfield didn't want him in his cabinet. He told me that he thought that with him as secretary of the treasury Sherman would be bigger than Garfield and would get the credit of the administration. He did not want to displease Senator Sherman, however, and he wrote to Foster asking him to give up the senatorship. He was Columbus when Governor Foster received this letter from Garfield. It was the weakest thing of the kind I have ever seen. He described his relations to Sherman, and he begged Foster to give up the party to stand aside and let Sherman go back to the senate. He practically got back on his knees. Foster told me that he would write to him and tell him that he would do. He said in the letter that he would give Foster anything he asked if he complied with his request."

"How did the letter strike Foster?"

"He was, of course, not pleased with it," was the reply. "It means giving up the certainty of the United States senate, for a presidential promise, which is a promise of no value. Still Foster was a very true man himself. He always stuck to his friends. He had great faith in other men, and he has a life before him. He was a great deal for his party and his friends. He showed me the letter as soon as he received it, and he begged Foster to give up the party to stand aside and let Sherman go back to the senate. He practically got back on his knees. Foster told me that he would write to him and tell him that he would do. He said in the letter that he would give Foster anything he asked if he complied with his request."

NEVADA'S BRILLIANT FUTURE

A New Plant at Salt Lake Will Almost Annihilate Copper Ore Freight.

MAKING HER COPPER MINES VALUABLE

Rival Towns After the Plant—The Anaconda for Sale—Possible Combination—Why Nevada's Copper Mines Had Laid Dormant.

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 4.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—"Poor," despised Nevada is in a fair way to surprise everybody by her quick recovery from the effects of the slump in the price of silver and the depression incident to that branch of the industry. Although known pre-eminently as a silver state the gold yield is bound to assume astonishing proportions even for the current year. But it is in the output of copper that the most remarkable showing will be made.

Montana will have to look to her laurels, for the so-called Sagebrush state will crowd closely for the rank the former now defends so nobly.

It is rather odd that the syndicate that is building the big copper plant in this city should have made its first purchase of copper mines in Nevada. That is a fact, however. For all that the projectors of this great enterprise have been quoted as declaring that good copper properties are plentiful in Utah, Colorado, Nevada and Idaho, it is known that they have been unable to pick up good propositions of that character. The copper company has had some of the ablest experts out on the hunt for copper mines or flattering prospects, for months. Of the latter class the "Big Injun" district of southern Utah. That section was described recently in THE BEE. But real mines the experts have not found. Properties that were not sufficiently developed to immediately enter the shipping list or conveniently handled to justify shipments on the score of economical handling.

That the copper syndicate should have made a beginning in Nevada is not so strange. The company has organized and incorporated in Colorado. It is a close corporation, composed almost entirely of capitalists and financiers. It has hitherto confined themselves to mining in the Centennial state. A change has been made since the company started. Even now it is known to few that the mine which is being secured in the "Big Injun" district of southern Utah. That section was described recently in THE BEE. But real mines the experts have not found. Properties that were not sufficiently developed to immediately enter the shipping list or conveniently handled to justify shipments on the score of economical handling.

After Parrot Capital.

Great Falls and other ambitious cities of Montana, as well as Pocatello, Idaho, have been pulling all the strings they could and the best they know how to get the Parrot works to locate at their cities. This competition was excited, first by the rumor and then the general impression, which has developed into a conviction, that either of the big works would be moved from Butte, else the company would branch out and establish other plants at some of the mountain towns now as though the boards of trade, chambers of commerce and citizens' committees of these expectant and hopeful cities would be disappointed if not the Parrot works, which expected nothing, is to get the benefits from the investment of the Parrot capital and backing of that company.

An Option on Anaconda.

It is an open secret here that a French syndicate of immense wealth is planning on the Anaconda property and is ready, when certain conditions are fulfilled, to buy out the whole thing—mines at Butte, works at Anaconda, railroad, and the townsite of Anaconda. The only bar to a successful issue of negotiation is the fact that the French syndicate has not yet been able to locate the permanent capital of Montana at Anaconda. People have wondered why there should be so great rivalry for the part of Anaconda, and the answer is being made the permanent seat of the state government since it has for so long been the temporary capital. The desire of the Frenchmen to own the capital site is assigned as the cause.

The Parrot Works.

The Parrot works has reduction works in the valley immediately below its mines, which are very complete. It would be easy to enlarge this plant than to build others. Even now large quantities of ore are bought from other mines, for although the output of the Parrot and Moscow mines is great, the capacity of the works is greater. The copper matter turned out by the Parrot works is averaging 98 1/2 per cent pure metal. Where it is made up into copper sheets and wire.

Oliver H. Payne Worth \$90,000,000.

"Who is the brainiest man in the Standard Oil company?" I asked. "That is hard to say," laughed Mr. Carron. "One of the biggest and most successful is Oliver H. Payne. He is a great organizer and he has wonderful financial talent. He is worth, I venture, as much if not more than Rockefeller, and I understand that his assets amount to nearly \$90,000,000. He is a very quiet fellow and he makes no fuss about his money. He was in charge of the oil from Vanderbilt and had it lying in one of the Cleveland banks ready for the occasion. Andrews was ashamed not to take the check and accepted it. He worried himself almost to death investing the money and he put about half of it into government bonds, while the other half of the balance went into the building of his big house in Cleveland."

OUR NEW BUILDING IS PROMISED FOR NEXT MONTH, AND BEFORE MOVING WE SHALL CLOSE OUT EVERY REMNANT AND PIECE THAT WE DO NOT INTEND RE-ORDERING.

Ends of Matting. Ends of Brussels. Ends of Ingrains.

The prices will be fixed Monday and they will be low enough to make them go quick.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., Douglas, Between 14th and 15th.

IRONIZE Home Industries

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS. FURNITURE. FLOUR. Omaha Tent-Awning Co. Chas. Shiverick & Co. S. F. Gilman. Omaha Milling Co. C. E. Black, Manager. 1215 N. 15th st.

PRINTING. SOAP. Reed Job Printing Co. Page Soap Co. Manufacturer of Utah soap. 115 Hickory st. WHITE LEAD. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded, warranted. Strictly pure white lead.

BREWERS. IRON WORKS. Fred Krug Brewing Co. Omaha Brewing Assn. Paxton & Vining Industrial Iron Works.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it? Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion, and looking miserably) "Haven't been eating anything, mamma."

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating? " "Nothing, mamma, honest. I—drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"Yes! It was—boo-hoo!—It was all right when—I swallowed it!"

A gentleman living in Macon, Ga., is training his children to exert their imaginative powers and requires each child to "make up" a story and relate it every Saturday. Recently his youngest boy told the following:

"Once there was a little boy and he made him the biggest kite anybody ever saw, and it went higher and higher till all the string was out. Then it was gone from sight; the little boy was so scared he did not know what to do. He was looking for the kite, when he heard a great, deep voice from heaven saying: 'Little boy, oh, little boy, if you don't take your old kite down from bothering my stars I'll take it and throw it in the horse lot!'"

One of the professors at Harvard has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. One day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconsciousness a certain number of minutes of Christopher on the door. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher, in case your father were dead?" Christopher thought for a moment. Then he lifted his eyes. "Oh, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

"That's a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast. "It looks big," said Jimmie boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of poroues in it."

"George Washington," said Tommy, in the course of his regular Friday "composition," was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

"Have you had a good time this summer, Willie?" "Yes," replied the young man. "Do you miss your school?" "Not much. But I guess mother does."

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.

Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keep sayin' to their children, 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

IMMIBILIS. A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church.

The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

The day the organist was anxious that all should go well and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye.

He took it and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me by blowing away still if you give the signal to stop."

The Christian Advocate tells this story: "At the American chapel at Luzerne a

OUR NEW BUILDING IS PROMISED FOR NEXT MONTH, AND BEFORE MOVING WE SHALL CLOSE OUT EVERY REMNANT AND PIECE THAT WE DO NOT INTEND RE-ORDERING.

Ends of Matting. Ends of Brussels. Ends of Ingrains.

The prices will be fixed Monday and they will be low enough to make them go quick.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., Douglas, Between 14th and 15th.

IRONIZE Home Industries

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS. FURNITURE. FLOUR. Omaha Tent-Awning Co. Chas. Shiverick & Co. S. F. Gilman. Omaha Milling Co. C. E. Black, Manager. 1215 N. 15th st.

PRINTING. SOAP. Reed Job Printing Co. Page Soap Co. Manufacturer of Utah soap. 115 Hickory st. WHITE LEAD. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded, warranted. Strictly pure white lead.

BREWERS. IRON WORKS. Fred Krug Brewing Co. Omaha Brewing Assn. Paxton & Vining Industrial Iron Works.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it? Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion, and looking miserably) "Haven't been eating anything, mamma."

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating? " "Nothing, mamma, honest. I—drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"Yes! It was—boo-hoo!—It was all right when—I swallowed it!"

A gentleman living in Macon, Ga., is training his children to exert their imaginative powers and requires each child to "make up" a story and relate it every Saturday. Recently his youngest boy told the following:

"Once there was a little boy and he made him the biggest kite anybody ever saw, and it went higher and higher till all the string was out. Then it was gone from sight; the little boy was so scared he did not know what to do. He was looking for the kite, when he heard a great, deep voice from heaven saying: 'Little boy, oh, little boy, if you don't take your old kite down from bothering my stars I'll take it and throw it in the horse lot!'"

One of the professors at Harvard has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. One day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconsciousness a certain number of minutes of Christopher on the door. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher, in case your father were dead?" Christopher thought for a moment. Then he lifted his eyes. "Oh, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

"That's a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast. "It looks big," said Jimmie boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of poroues in it."

"George Washington," said Tommy, in the course of his regular Friday "composition," was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

"Have you had a good time this summer, Willie?" "Yes," replied the young man. "Do you miss your school?" "Not much. But I guess mother does."

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.

Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keep sayin' to their children, 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

IMMIBILIS. A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church.

The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

The day the organist was anxious that all should go well and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye.

He took it and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me by blowing away still if you give the signal to stop."

The Christian Advocate tells this story: "At the American chapel at Luzerne a

OUR NEW BUILDING IS PROMISED FOR NEXT MONTH, AND BEFORE MOVING WE SHALL CLOSE OUT EVERY REMNANT AND PIECE THAT WE DO NOT INTEND RE-ORDERING.

Ends of Matting. Ends of Brussels. Ends of Ingrains.

The prices will be fixed Monday and they will be low enough to make them go quick.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., Douglas, Between 14th and 15th.

IRONIZE Home Industries

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS. FURNITURE. FLOUR. Omaha Tent-Awning Co. Chas. Shiverick & Co. S. F. Gilman. Omaha Milling Co. C. E. Black, Manager. 1215 N. 15th st.

PRINTING. SOAP. Reed Job Printing Co. Page Soap Co. Manufacturer of Utah soap. 115 Hickory st. WHITE LEAD. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded, warranted. Strictly pure white lead.

BREWERS. IRON WORKS. Fred Krug Brewing Co. Omaha Brewing Assn. Paxton & Vining Industrial Iron Works.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it? Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion, and looking miserably) "Haven't been eating anything, mamma."

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating? " "Nothing, mamma, honest. I—drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"Yes! It was—boo-hoo!—It was all right when—I swallowed it!"

A gentleman living in Macon, Ga., is training his children to exert their imaginative powers and requires each child to "make up" a story and relate it every Saturday. Recently his youngest boy told the following:

"Once there was a little boy and he made him the biggest kite anybody ever saw, and it went higher and higher till all the string was out. Then it was gone from sight; the little boy was so scared he did not know what to do. He was looking for the kite, when he heard a great, deep voice from heaven saying: 'Little boy, oh, little boy, if you don't take your old kite down from bothering my stars I'll take it and throw it in the horse lot!'"

One of the professors at Harvard has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. One day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconsciousness a certain number of minutes of Christopher on the door. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher, in case your father were dead?" Christopher thought for a moment. Then he lifted his eyes. "Oh, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

"That's a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast. "It looks big," said Jimmie boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of poroues in it."

"George Washington," said Tommy, in the course of his regular Friday "composition," was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

"Have you had a good time this summer, Willie?" "Yes," replied the young man. "Do you miss your school?" "Not much. But I guess mother does."

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.

Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keep sayin' to their children, 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

IMMIBILIS. A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church.

The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

The day the organist was anxious that all should go well and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye.

He took it and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me by blowing away still if you give the signal to stop."

The Christian Advocate tells this story: "At the American chapel at Luzerne a

OUR NEW BUILDING IS PROMISED FOR NEXT MONTH, AND BEFORE MOVING WE SHALL CLOSE OUT EVERY REMNANT AND PIECE THAT WE DO NOT INTEND RE-ORDERING.

Ends of Matting. Ends of Brussels. Ends of Ingrains.

The prices will be fixed Monday and they will be low enough to make them go quick.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., Douglas, Between 14th and 15th.

IRONIZE Home Industries

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS. FURNITURE. FLOUR. Omaha Tent-Awning Co. Chas. Shiverick & Co. S. F. Gilman. Omaha Milling Co. C. E. Black, Manager. 1215 N. 15th st.

PRINTING. SOAP. Reed Job Printing Co. Page Soap Co. Manufacturer of Utah soap. 115 Hickory st. WHITE LEAD. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded, warranted. Strictly pure white lead.

BREWERS. IRON WORKS. Fred Krug Brewing Co. Omaha Brewing Assn. Paxton & Vining Industrial Iron Works.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it? Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion, and looking miserably) "Haven't been eating anything, mamma."

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating? " "Nothing, mamma, honest. I—drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"Yes! It was—boo-hoo!—It was all right when—I swallowed it!"

A gentleman living in Macon, Ga., is training his children to exert their imaginative powers and requires each child to "make up" a story and relate it every Saturday. Recently his youngest boy told the following:

"Once there was a little boy and he made him the biggest kite anybody ever saw, and it went higher and higher till all the string was out. Then it was gone from sight; the little boy was so scared he did not know what to do. He was looking for the kite, when he heard a great, deep voice from heaven saying: 'Little boy, oh, little boy, if you don't take your old kite down from bothering my stars I'll take it and throw it in the horse lot!'"

One of the professors at Harvard has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. One day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconsciousness a certain number of minutes of Christopher on the door. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher, in case your father were dead?" Christopher thought for a moment. Then he lifted his eyes. "Oh, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

"That's a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size," said papa at breakfast. "It looks big," said Jimmie boy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of poroues in it."

"George Washington," said Tommy, in the course of his regular Friday "composition," was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

"Have you had a good time this summer, Willie?" "Yes," replied the young man. "Do you miss your school?" "Not much. But I guess mother does."

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.

Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keep sayin' to their children, 'If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie.'"

IMMIBILIS. A young lady organist in a church in Colorado was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church.

The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough.

The day the organist was anxious that all should go well and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye.

He took it and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me by blowing away still if you give the signal to stop."

The Christian Advocate tells this story: "At the American chapel at Luzerne a

OUR NEW BUILDING IS PROMISED FOR NEXT MONTH, AND BEFORE MOVING WE SHALL CLOSE OUT EVERY REMNANT AND PIECE THAT WE DO NOT INTEND RE-ORDERING.

Ends of Matting. Ends of Brussels. Ends of Ingrains.

The prices will be fixed Monday and they will be low enough to make them go quick.

Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co., Douglas, Between 14th and 15th.

IRONIZE Home Industries

By purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

AWNINGS. FURNITURE. FLOUR. Omaha Tent-Awning Co. Chas. Shiverick & Co. S. F. Gilman. Omaha Milling Co. C. E. Black, Manager. 1215 N. 15th st.

PRINTING. SOAP. Reed Job Printing Co. Page Soap Co. Manufacturer of Utah soap. 115 Hickory st. WHITE LEAD. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded, warranted. Strictly pure white lead.

BREWERS. IRON WORKS. Fred Krug Brewing Co. Omaha Brewing Assn. Paxton & Vining Industrial Iron Works.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it? Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion, and looking miserably) "Haven't been eating anything, mamma."

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating? " "Nothing, mamma, honest. I—drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"Yes! It was—boo-hoo!—It was all right when—I swallowed it!"

A gentleman living in Macon, Ga., is training his children to exert their imaginative powers and requires each child to "make up" a story and relate it every Saturday. Recently his youngest